

"The Real Condition of Cuba Today" by Exception Bonsal, is a work that every true bearted American, man and woman, should buy and read. The first paragraph of Mr Bonsai's dedication will explain the rea on why. He says: "To the starving and plague-stricken thousands in Cuba who be sought me while I was with them is secents to go and tell my people the story of their unimaginable woe, and who prayed in my presence to Our Lady of Pity that I might be imbaed with the strength to accomplish the task which their entracties, as well as my appreciation of my duty imposed, I dedicate this inade quare has heartfelt description of their

We may be permitted to remark at the start that the inadequacy suggested by the author's modesty is not at all in evi dence, except that perhaps it would be im-possible for the mind and pen of any man to convey to the world a complete under standing of all the horrors that constantly must have been before the eyes of Mr. Bonsal in Cuba. It is a grewsome task that he has undertaken, but it must be said that nobly he has acquitted himself of Every appearance of sensiti has been carefully avoided. Nothing is net shown in number or upon hearsay observes the strictest conservatism and and impertiality of statement and argument from the first to the last page. work as a whole may be looked upon as a complete brief in the case of the people of Cuba against the joint powers of Spala and Hell before the bar of American opin

n, humanity and Almghty God.
With some reces before as the tempte tion to reproduce every word of it almost is irresistible; but inexcrable line tations of space will permit us only to review it briefly, in the lope that every constituent of The Times who has not read it beretofore will at once procure copy and attain the painful satisfaction of arning the whole hideous truth from our metent, honest and univopeachable eye

On reacting Havana, in Jenuary of this

year, Mr. Fonsal says: My first visit was instinctively to the My first visit was instinctively to the grae and taken-covered catacural of porous coral stone, where rest the astes of the men who, by a brilliant blunder, uscovered the Americas, that Pandora's box of troubles and of wees for spain. The sarrituary is filled with vened women, who, saroused in the dark mass robes, now and again interrupt the sole and serv-ices with sobs that cannot be repressed. Before the main situr, and frowing down upon the nourners, who, in their despair Before the main altar, and frowning down upon the mounters, who, in their despair and utter desolation, turn toward the mercy seal, there stands a canion, and over and above the image of the Prince of Frace there floats a gaudy war langer. I had then been in Caba only twenty-four teers, and I could not know, and I could not have believed had I been to told, that the cannon that stands there in the cathedral, a barrar between the war banner over the crucinx, were the war banner over the crucinx, were the true and nost appropriate symbols of a true and most appropriate symbols of tarbarous, merciless and fratricidal without a parallel in modern history.

When Mr. Housal was on the island the war had not extended in any way worth mentioning to the eastern provinces of Paerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba. There the small farmers still occupies their homesteads in the campo, and most had escaped the horrors that afflicted, and now still more borritly afflict, their brethren in the western provinces. In the interior of this Cuba Libra, the Spanisrds held only the towns of Bayamo, Jiguani and Holguin. Considered of strategic inpor ance, they have served only to weake Spanish power and to assist the caus of the young republic. The proceeding of convers constantly striving to victual and supply these inland positions from the sea st have fumished the army of Gen Calixto Garcia with arms, ammunition and everything else needed on a compain for a year past. Every week new convoys sent out from Mananillo and other coast points, and with almost count reguwere captured by the Cubans It will be remembered that within the past week Weyler has ordered the evacuation and destruction of Bayamo, and probably would destroy the others if he had not suddenly been called west to meet the present cam

been called west to need the present campaign of Gen. Gomez against Havana.

West of the trocha of Jocaro-Moron-in the four-provinces of Santa Chara, Matanias, Havana, and Pinar del Rio-the conditions observatide are quite different. The whole country has been reduced to a mass of runs and asnes by what Gen. Weyler has been pleased to call due process of innisary law. With the exception of some twenty or larty "entrales," or singar estates, there has not been left standing a single house, not even a "guano" and in these four provinces, outside of the Spanish lines surrounding the occupied towns. While these sugar estates have been guarded by large bodies of fregular Spanish troops and by bands of fregular Spanish troops and by bands of fregular Spanish troops and by bands of fregular Spanish troops and by the cetates, which fly the Spanish flag, which are surrounded by line local prefects of the Cubin reputate.

The author is speaking here of the contribution.

The author is speaking here of the co-'pacified" districts, which for months Weyler had declared to be und his complete control and authority, ye in which he has lost men in battle co eck, and could not exempt plantations within his military lines from the neces sity of paying tribute to the civil govern ment of the republic

Close reading of Weyler's proclamation of "reconcentracion" will show that men and women and children who may be found eight days after its publication in this desert, which was once the garden of a peerless island, are to be regarded as rebels, and are treated as rebels by the officers of his most catholic majesty's army-that is, they are to be shot down in cold blood, though sometimes, as an act of particular demency, the women and children are sent to the nearest prison for prostitutes. The proclamation authorizes this infurman conduct, and the authorization is strengthead duct, and the authorization is strengthead a martion authorizes this monnia, and the authorization is strengtheard, sharpened by the private instructions descript guerrillas and heads of columns to chiefs of guernias an

The world is curious to know why it is that with 250,000 troops furnished his Weyler has been unable to make any im pression upon, much less to subdue, the Aside from the main fact of Weyler's dishonesty, cowardice and total want of military ability, Mr. Bonsal points out some excellent reasons why little could be expected from the Spanish arm; as organized for its work in Cuba though England and other nations having atmies in tropical countries have lone learned the necessity for clothing them in flannel; the Spanish army is arrayed in linen and provided only with straw shoes, which soak full and go to pieces after one day in a Cuban swamp. this, it 's absolutely without any commis-If a column moves sariat wantever! from one of the fortified, and hence provisioned places, it must return within forty-eight hours, or else reach some other

victualled position.

It has not a single battery of mountain guns. If it should march out and succeed in taking a desirable strategic position it could not hold it, for lack of commissary Military critics will see at a clance that an army so conditioned is two thirds beaten in advance, and, when the destructive factor of Coban climate is added to the consideration, it is not matter for surprise that Weyler has been regu-lerly unsuccessful and almost invariably defeated by his antagonists, not withstanding their inferiority in numbers, arms and

ent. In a broken country like the theater of warin Cuba, one "corps d'armee" of acclimated troops, such as met at the Appendatex surrender, if properly equipped and supplied, could in detail butter the under the command of the Spanish hyena.

While Wester has made a desert of the country within reach of his seacoast fortifications in Coba Libre, that is, in four fifths of the island, food grows on every hush. "There are hill locked valleys which the Curans hold, and where their cattle grave in safety. Here they have even planted quick-growing crops, like sweet which ripen five or six times . year." Of such conditions, Gomez, the Liberator, has taken scientific advantage. He is "not only a man bora to command, but one who is abreast of the military applied to the peculiar warfare upon which is engaged. His masterly circular movements never fail to puzzle those who would bring his army to bay, and, worn out by the chase, the Spanish columns never succeed in cornering him. The haifgrown and immature boys, the raw recruits which Spain has sent to the island serve but as fodder for fevers and other diseases to feed upon. With half rations, scant clothing and little or no pay, and that in a depreciated currency, the solthere are capable of doing only one day's work in seven, but the wonder to me as that they are able or willing to shoulder a musket at all."

The author explains the ill-concealed

adifference with which otherwise leval Spaniards on the island regard the ultimate success of their arms. If Spain were every where sucressful and the revolution snuffed ont, the interest on the Spanish debt on Cabin account, already would amount to \$30,000,000 per annum. "The military party would lastst upon an army of occupation of 100,000 men. This army would cost the island at least \$75,000,000 a year Add \$10,000,000 for civil and judicial administration, Cuba's share of the navalbudget, and there would be an annual bur-der of \$115,000,000 on the island. Under ost favorable conditions of peace the and dear sugar, Cuba never has been able to produce more than thirty millions in No one who knows Cuba expects that for at least five years after the war, however it may end, the island will be able to carry a budget of more than twelve The conclusion arrived at by Mr. Fonsal appears inevitable. He says So Spain, on the verge of bankruptcy serseif, would have to make up a detic of at least \$100,000,000 to retain her last ny, which is, of course, an absurdit Even England or France could hardly stansuch an annual drain, even supposing the they were so unwise as to care to do so. (of the universal sentiment of the Span sh element on the Island, Mr. Bonsal gives a striking illustration in what was sale to him by one of the leading tobaccplanters in Santa Clara province, a man if high position, education and culture "The only way to end this Cuban ques tion is the way Gen. Weyler is about it. The only way for Spain to retain her sovereignty is to exterminate butcher, if you Exe-every man, woman and child upon it who is infected with on and dreams of Cuba Libre. We tried other methods the last time, and see the result. What the contagion is I do not know. It is something in the air thes Cubans breathe. No one is safe from the infection. I never see even my own balf grown boys start to school in the morning but what I hold my breath and sav. Will they, too, succumb to the infection? Who knows but that they, too, will start for the long grass today?"

It is hard to pass by any single page of Stephen Bonsal's book without quoting it. We must content curselves with whetling the appetite of our readers for the corr work. Let us record it here that there is not an outrage, atrocity or butchery heretofore reported by correspondents of The Times, and printed in our colwhich this narrative does not contain the correboration, the equivalent or worse It tells us how the Spanish residents, the leaders of the volunteers and mercantile class, continually urge the government to sanction a general massacre of Cubans in the towns and cities, that their extermination may cut off the aid they are able to give to their brethren in the "long gra s." With harrowing detail, it gives us the hideous truth of the outrage of helpless omen and girl children and their butcher; afterward; of the pitiless starvation and murder of innocent peasant men, women and children, and of the lienoish tortures regularly applied to Cubans of both sexes and all ages to make them betray their country or their kindred. Mr. Bonsal warns the United States that, when the last day comes and the barner of Spain sullenly is furled for a final departure some strong hand will have to be extended over the country to save the defenseless mes from a last carnival of demoniac rage, troop, and massacre.

In glorious contrast with the frightful rapacity, lust and bloodthirstiness Weyler and his Spanish fiends, we have a picture of holy devotion to country and liberty, displayed by the brave sons and daughters of Cuba Libre! Daily they are tortured to death with ingenious modern refinements upon the most horrible de vices and tools of medieval cruelty, and they suffer the untold agonies of their persecution to the end without betraying their cause or their friends. In spite of these awful temptations to revenge; in spite of the systematic murder of Cuban prisoners of war, Mr. Bonsal declares that the patriots never have even maltreated Spanish prisoners, although they do hang

Cuban traitors whenever taken Every morning there are military execu tions on the esplanade at the Cabana Fortress. Mr. Bonsal saw one. The band played waltz music throughout the ceremony. It always is done, an old sergeant told him, to drown the cries of the victitus. "Said the sergeant, emphatically Since I have been in the Cabana, these five weeks, I have seen fifty men die and they all died like men. As they fall they cry out, "Long live free Cuba" or "Liberty and patria," and some curse Weyler, the hangman, the butcher, for a cowardly bound. So they keep the music

playing. We must slight the execution our author witnessed, and which he narrates with splen fid sympathy and pathos, to find room for the story of another that happened or the day preceding, the details of which were given him by the old sergeant again. And with this we shall have to stop:

And with this we shall have to stop:

"You may be glad you were not here yesterday morning, and if I had anything to do or anywhere else to stay I wouldnot he here today," sud the crippled sergeant later, as we met again at the canteen. "I had to drink many å copita before I felt like myself, or could trust myself to take the soup, thin and weak and easy to stomach as our caldo is. The hermanitos, as we called them, the brightest, metriest little boys I ever saw, were shot in the ditch yesterday morning. They were not more than fifteen or sixteen years old, and bow they came to be with the rebels I do not know. We were very fond of them and tried to sip in what food we could through the iron bars of the galera, where they seemed to be so out of place, where they never should have been put, we thought and so did many of the officers. But were mey mamnices, repeas: well, they were, and red-hot ones, and whenever the governor came around on his inspection these

would always shout 'Long ave free Cubal' and other gevitry, and that is why they had to be shot.

"Weal, they came marching out of the chapes yesterday morning as pert as you please, and hopping along with their hobours as cheerfully as though they were going to a pleane, and not possed when the leutemant said of course they could die together, be would not separate thein. They were very much pleased when the leutemant said of course they could die together, be would not separate thein. Then the eidest lost his pecker a little, whispered minoringly to the captains and we thought he was going to give way, poor little worm, and I would not have blaned him. He should have been at home with his mother, curied up in her lap. But then the captain answered, houd and sharp, and we shew he had not been wavering. The captain said 'What you ask is impossible—I cannot have your arms untound. I must obey orders, and you must be shot just as you are, and die all the other prisoners sentenced to death for rebellion. Then the little chap, who was not a year cider than his brother, blew tout his chest, like the little chap, who was not a year cider than his brother, blew you him all I could when the builets came. But Caritto is a Cutan, he will be brave. Then the sergeant made them kneed down three feet apart on the ground, with their backs to the firing platoon, it was bardly a second; the first platoon, it was bardly a second; the first platon, it was bardly a second; the first platon with their backs to the first platon, and the leaten nut cried. Apunten' (aim), But, you know, those little feliows had edged toward each other, working and their keeps hard would always shout 'Long ave free Cuba! and other devittry, and that is why they per & Bros.)

Mrs. John Sherwood has written "An Existic to Pesterity." It is rather a long epistle, transcending the conventional engths embraced under the mailing possitinties of our 2-cent stamp, extending as it does through a fair-sized octavo-Though she addresses her epistle to posterity, the author affects indifference as to whether posterity ever receives it, for "I shall not be there to watch for a nswer," which suggests that other good joke on rosterity which Paul Potter in orporated into his play, "Sheridan," Some one urges Sheridan to do something. "You owe it to rosterity." Sheridan replied What has posterity ever done for me?" Apparently Mrs. Sherwood took up with for its name value pure simple. Her eye had been fascinated by that title on the back of one of her Petrarch volumes, and it gave her a chance to recite Voltaire's reply to Konsseau when he received an ode addressed to posterity. "Here a a letter which will never reach its address," said Voltaire.

We might be as evokal and flippant under he banner of the same reply in response to Mrs. Sherwood's challenge with ber an bitious title, but she has disarmed this crit ism in her disayowal of an interest which the addressee may take in Plainly, the epistle is for us. If her present ceaders are pleased, they cannot ask more wither will Mrs Sherwood. Then let as

ry quus, and to our muttons. The "Epistle to Pesterity" shows many langwas plainly as type face may, withou recessity for covert rending between the ines. It shows that the author is a woman of vast experiences, embracing all the years be mationly proportions of Stephen Park er's frontispiece portrait suggests, exeriences among the intellectual, artistic political and royal aristociacy of the carth It shows ste is a woman who has made the est of these experiences, even in present ng them in the epistic, and it deno n nearly every one of its pages that her Justified her wit and personal cleverness sistion there. The book is simply an auto-

biography. The personal vanity of an autobiography ron. Mrs. John sherwood is happily clipsed by the real enjoyment to be found a its perusal. It was a dangerous under aking, but she passes through the pages in undimmed splender and scampers back to the frontispage to pose her voluptions beauty in the Parker portrait, any reference n the text to her personal charms being manifestly out of place. That difficulty was circumvented nicely. We read and say "How clever!" Then we turn to the ortrait and say, "How beautiful!" And er conquest is complete. No woman de-

With proper fillal consideration she begins her book with a canonization of her father Then we begin our acquaintance with an autobiographer who as girl knew Daniel Webster, Martin Van Buren, J. K. Paulding, James Russell Lewell, Maria Winte, and Margaret Lewell, Maria Fuller. She began her travels early, ravels herein recounted, which first emraced a comine from her New Preic to young Washington in the forties. then about all the country east of the Mississippi, and in later life to England, where she met all the notables, from court down; to the land of William Tell, to fair Italy, where she had delightful asse ciations with royalty, the Storys, the Astors, and the others of the famous American colony in Rome; to Spain, to France, and to nearly everywhere that there was a congenial magnet for wit and beauty. Here is an exceptional life in its associations, or at least she has the deverness to make it appear so in her charming volume, though she never didang thing to denote other than a social am bition or the remotest possibility of dis-tinctive achievement. The book is a series of pages of well-threaded beads of anecdote and experience. It has correctness as its highest literary value, and the

se of chat for its pleasantest charm. The accounts of Washington society half; entury ago have a present interest. The Southern girls appear not to have changed in the slightest. "Why, Miss Wilson," aid one of these dear strens, "I'd just as lief be engaged to five men at once, and then I'd pick out the best man at last, and just marry him." Her brother was one of the Writer's beaus. "Now, Miss Wilson," said the same girl, "you needn't marry Preston, because you're a wicked abo-litionist; but you just get engaged to him and come down to Georgia and pay us a

Mrs. Ashley and her plumes was one of the striking figures at Mrs. Polk's White House dinners, to which the author was one evening smuggled in. She was an amiable woman, and evidently a diplomat, for she used to say: "Always give men brevet rank. If they are colonels call them general If they are captains call them colonels. They will forgive you." But Mrs. Ashley could say a sharp thing when occasion required. A certain lady, who had always been very jealous of her, had bought of her a French invoice, a tollette which she, going into mourning, could no wear. This other woman sent back the slippers, after having worn them, saying: 'They are too big. I could swim in them.' Mrs. Ashley replied: "My dear, I am ; arger woman than you in every respect."

"Mr. Corcoran gave fine dinners," says Mrs. Sherwood, giving her sixteen-year old impressions of older Washington, "so did the English and French ministers; but elsewhere I do not remember anything like the luxury of today. Indeed, it did not exist, and those who could afford it did not care for it. John Quincy Adams whose magnificent head was the pride of the House, whose fame made him our first citizen, who was a rich man, lived plainly in rather a Southern fashion. It was great treat to meet Mrs. Adams. It was the fashion to be poor, and Henry Wis said when he first became engaged to Miss Charlotte Everett, "Don't be afraid She is so unlucky as to have some money; but she's a good fellow for all that '"

There were dinners at the Mays', literary parties at Mrs. Frank Taylor's, Mr. King's pictures to be seen. Seward was young, witty and delightful. The Custis family was still in Arlington, and it was an event to go across the bridge and drink tea out of the Washington china. Three other conspicuous figures were Mr. Calhoun, who talked equally pleasantly of

finished talker when conversation was an art, and Mr. Clay, "the ugliest man in the

world and the most fascinating."

Gen. Scott was then the hero of the Mexican war. Admirals Farragut and Rogers,Gen. Lee. Zachary Taylor,Col. Bliss, Franklin and McClellan, fresh from Mexico, and "a little quiet man who shrank out of sight," known later as U. S. Grant, were all youthful men then, scarcely anticipating the rushing glory soon to crown hem. Mr. Morse were here trying to get an appropriation for a new invention,

the electric telegraph. "It is impossible," she concludes her chapter, "not to regret the plain beginnings and the sincere patriotism, the poor little bonies which held such noble lives; and I cansafely affirm that anything so delight fol as Washington I have never seen else where. There were a mingled simplicit, and a grandeur, a mingled state and quiet intimacy, a trillingcy of conversation, the prominence of intellect over material pros-perity, which does not exist in any other ify in the Union. I believe it does not exist anywhere but at Rome, which always, geographically as well as politically and socially, reminded me so of Washington that I used to call Rome Washington had-vertantly. * * * Rome, like Washington is small enough, quiet enough, for strong personal intimacies; Rome, like Washing ton, has its democratic court and its entourage of diplomatic circle: Rome, like Washngton, gives you plenty of time and plenty of sunlight."

Mrs. Sperwood interested herself in char itable relief work during the war and again ome to Washington. She thus describes the city in '63 as a camp: "Probably no capital in a state of seige was ever more gay or amusing. Foreigners, princes and potentates, names of a thousand years and of yesterday, were all jumbled in a state offrenzyand confusion. And the mud! Oh, the mud! I saw Gen McClellan with his two young sides, the French princes, Count de Paris and Duc de Chartres, ride Washington so encrusted with mudthat they looked like fossil monsters.

"All about the city for thirty miles spread the tents, the camp-fires, the stock des of a citizen soldlery, apprentices to the great art of war. Every new condition of humanlife, every possible embarrassmen of timate, food and shelter came to try men's souls. Surfering of the keenest dweit in these tents beside jovinity and excite nent; for the light, easily-amused American imperament found much to like and to augh at even in the surroundings of cold and mud, poor food and ineradicable dirt, not to speak of the soher restities of the neastes and scarlet fever and smallpox ioldfever, altof which paid our atmy visit from time to time."

Thus one might chat with Mrs. Sher-Word through her hundreds of pages to the continued delight of the reader and the nexhaustibility of the writer. The attractiveness of the book grows as its merits clipse its probably unconscious egotism (New York: Harper & Eros, Washington; Win. Ballantyne & Sons.)

What are we? How do we know we are? low do we know we know? What is knowledge? What is a thought? Whence is it? How is it? This and kindled questi dinfinition have been the nemeds of the philosopher for ages. Each metaphysi mer with a new definition and a new theory. Some express it in two volumes, some in ten. Frof Birden P. Brown, of Boston University, approaches the sphinx, and in one modest volume offers his answer to her riddles.

His "Theory of Thought and Knowledge" s the latest and most important philosoph-cal work by an American since John Fiske and Greenleaf Thompson gave their answers to these same questions. It is impressively sincere above and beyond its unifestations of profound scholarship. Its sincerty is evidenced best in a kind of telerance. He files a blimt protest against Hetbert Spencer, and then dragwhim under the knife again in this trinity of blows: This fallacy underlies the system of so far as it is reasoned. It vitt ates a large part of Herel's work and is the gist of Mr. Spencer's philosophy. There is summary disposition with neatness and dispatch. But truth is always intol erant. It brooks no compromise Dr. Brown's method of wiping out his adversa ries with a single stroke is but the logical emanation of deep-scated belief in his own principles and the implied error of whatever clashes.

les his book by his title into two parts, the first devoted to theory of thought, the second to theory of knowledge. In the first part he considers the general nature f thought, distinguished from sense and association, the conditions of thought he nothingness of consciousness by realf. how the mind gets objects, the theories of perceptions, notions, judgments, inferences, proofs, deduction and industing His considerations under the topic of knowledge are philosophic scepticism, thought and thing, realism and idealism, aphoris: empiricism, knowledge and belief

From this resume of the work's make up, the general scope may be inferred It passes over the familiar grou by most metaphysicians, but Dr. Brown i entirely anhampered in his philosophic pere grinations by the paths beaten by predece ors. He is hold and trenchant, his the ories are conceived with fundamental intionality, and he develops them with adadrable logic, and a clearness which is perpetual delight to the student. It is not an elementary work, but it reaches to the elementals, treating them from the standpoint and with the erudition of the matured student. (New York: Harper & Bro. Washington: Wm. Pallantyne &

The faculty of condensation and concertration was Henry Drummond's. The gift of simplicity and clearness; the capacity for multum in parvo. This, we see again in a little posthumorous volume of dresses delivered at Northfield, Mass. before Dwight Moody's school. Three striking Christian lessons are taught in the aree addresses; the first, "A Life for a Life," the second, "The Lesson of the Angelos;" the third, "The Ideal Man." And the book takes its name from the first of

the three It is a little volume slipped handily into the pocket: almost into the vest pocket. It is full of the meat of Christian teaching and moral bloom, spiritual topic and religious fervor. It will do any one good to read it. It should carry deism to the agnostic, and many a Christian may learn rom its few pages beautiful untlought

In "A Life for a Life" he reveals practical way in which Christian citizenship may be and was engendered in a city's sluns. Several university men took a house in London's vile East End. They gave themselves no airs of superiority, they didn't tell the people they had com to do them good: they just went in and made friends. They were in no hurry One day there came a great labor was and the workingmen put their heads to cether and said: "Those young men up there have good heads; let's go and talk it over with them." They did. One of them arbitrated the strike satisfactorily, because honestly. Another soon became the head of the school board. They got into other boards: they got into Parlia-ment, bringing with them in each advancement the influence of honesty and its benefits and ameliorations. If honest men of brains would go among the poor and apply Christian principle, that day would

their sun rise Dwight Moody furnishes the introductory note to this brochure, and he writes with the affection of a brother for the man he knew so well. "It sometimes happens," says Mr. Moody, "that a man in giving to literature or gossip; Mr. Berrian, another the world the truths that have most in-

the truest kind of a character sketch. This was so in the case of Harry Dro no Wordsof mine can better his life and character than those in which he has presented to us 'The Greatest Thing in the World.'
As you read what he terms the analysis of love you find that all its ingredients were woven into his daily life making him one of the most lovable men I have ever known. Was it courtesy you looked for, he was the perfect gentleman-Was it kindness, he was always prefering another. Was it homility, he was simple and not courting favor." (New York: Fleming H. Revell. Washington: Woodware & Lothrop.)

Buth McEnery Stuart's name is not im ressed on the panels of fame with any degree of indelibility as yet, but the lines in which it is written are bold and firm, and it is read there in the eyes of all who know her books. She has written me If the products of her prolific pen are not apressive and magnificent in their charac ter, they sure y are monest and chaste, the humor is delicate, the sentiment is natural. the realism is unaffected and deliciously agrecable One could go into an Arkansas town like

Sunkinsville and find much else than has focus on Mrs. Stuart's retina, much of forcefol naturalism and tragic truth, but she has elected to disclose only the humor and the sentiment of the pioneer life of the frontier village. She sketches her characters with a sensitive and appreciative pen. All Is grist that comes to her null. Every line is a kernel of humor or sweet sentiwhich warms the heart. There is no chaff of padding, or affectation, of faddish nonsense. She reads very much, as did the lamented H. C. Bunner. There is the came Wasiesomeness in both, abundant burner, exprisite refinement even in the delineation of the store gang in the Simkinsville general store.

But adder stories are not of Simkinsville. Only the volume given out last week i about people and things "In Sin kinsville The others were "Carlotta"s Intended and Other Tales," "The Golden Wedding and Other Tales," "The Story of Fatette" and "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets." If on have read them you remember then and to remember them is to remember

them pleasantly.
"In Einkinsville" contains seven stories of that town of amusing people. She has the gift, which is most enviable art, of seizing upon the commonplace in character person, place and thing, and converting it by softle touch into a thing of infectuous interest. It is this graceful talent which has dignified many a fedious page of less talented but core famous writers. The faculty of personitying things in this happy sanner was one of Dickens' most enjoyable devices:

An instance of Mis. Stearts' faculty for reproducing a comixture of centiment and or in connection with a dainty play of impersonal personification is clown in the discussion about the old stove in the back of the vidage store, as set out in the story: 'An Arkansas Prophet.'

See that stove how she spits smoke east wind will make her spit any day-seems to gag her." It was McMonigle speaking, and he chuckled softly, as he canvel for ward, and began poking the fire "Yas, she hates an east wind, but she like ne-ton't you, old girl' See her grow rein the face while I chuck her under the

Look out you don't chuck out a coal of fire on kitty with your fooling," said old may Taylor. "She does blush in the face, don't she? An' see her wink und isinglass spectacles when she's flirted

"That stove's a well-behaved old lady." interrupted the doctor; 'reg'larly gits re-Relan and Shouts Whenever the wind's on the right quarter-an' I won't have her spoke of with disrespect. If she could all she's heard, settin' there summer and winter, I reckon it'd make a hook. an' a interestin' one, too. There's been cuts and mice born in her all summer, an' batched, an' Rowton tells me Le's got a dominicker here that's beglarly watched for her fires to go out last two seasons, so she can lay in her. An' doin't a never near about Phil Totand hidin' a whisky bottle in her one day last smamer and small a whole settin' o' eggs? The ben she squawked out at him, an' all but ered him to death. He thought he had a 'tackt o' the tremeos, an' of a adult

'Pity it hand't askeert him into ter remarked the man opposite. Such is the vein of playful gentler which permeates Mrs. Stuart's book through and through. It is amusing and refreshing it warms one to the author and it holdsom to her book, and the aftermath is a ser of rebuke to the new writers who destro entiment and deal out nauseous literalbons (New York: Harper & Brothers Washington: Brentano.)

Frederick Stokes sent last week a new relume totalarly self-explanatory, "Hoyle an Encyclopedia of Indoor Games," by R. F. Foster, who has compiled more boks of this character than any other man revealed by memory or catalogue. It is hard to say whether Mr. Stokes intends this volume to be taken up, studied, verified, practicea and reviewed at this time, or has sent it to the bonne of the Weather Bureau in the midst of this perspiring spell as a hald sattrical protest. If the amiable publisher Intended the former he deserves barsher treatment than an indulgent and mildnannered pen can inflict, but if he puts forth as a joke we commend his sens of humor. There is a singular facetiousness in sending an indoor book at such an ur mistakably outdoor time. It reminds us of the Indiana editor who, while the ther mometer stood at 40 degrees below zero aplacently started off his editorial colamn with this sage remark: "A cabbage leaf placed in the crown of the hat will prevent sunstroke."

In winter time, if that blissful period ever melts out of these torrid days, this book should be attractive. There are days when the trees are bare, and fat men seek the sunny side of the Avenue, and the wind comes sharp, and the snow sources about in the air, and the windows are closed, and the fire is lit, and the heat is comfortable. Mr. Foster's book reminds us of this. How refreshing it is! Then the table is drawn, and under the full flood of gas and lamp, the same gas and lamps we dare not light these nights, in deference to temperature and all manuer of winged things, and it is proposed to while the merry hour away, cheat the raging elements without, and dissipate tedium. The Hoyle Encyclopedia is then the book of books to buckle to.

It has everything in it conceivably relating to games of cards, dominos, checkers, dice, billiards and bowling. But the possibilities of cards are best exemplified. seems incredible that fifty-two pieces of figurated pasteboard could produce so many kinds of games. Mr. Foster divides his games into families. There is the whist family, the eachre family, the poker family, and others; and they are all large families, however with a strong family resemblance. Nobody but an expert could tell but that they are all twins. After counting fourteen kinds of whist we got tired and warm and turned to poker. There are only seven in that family. But in the bezique family there are nine, in the hearts family eleven, in the enchre family twelve, and in all-fours there are sixteen. Per-baps you don't know what all-fours is-At least you know some of the family-There is all-fives, auction pitch. California Jack, cinch, pedros of several char acters, high five, seven up, and snoozer So the all-four family is quite an impor tant connection in the aristocracy of cards As noted above, this is no time to read

and inwardly digest any book of indoor character. But a casual glance through Mr Foster's book presents many points which will recommend it when the summer boarders return to town and begin to pick plete book. It covers the whole subject from Oid Maid and Pinocle to Scat and Whist. The author makes a claim to ab solute originality. He says it is the only book on games that has appeared in 150 years. It is too hot to hunt him down on this statement. He calls attention to the system and uniformity of the treatment of his cubject, beginning with a description of the apparatus and the players, and fol-lowing the natural course of play step step. All technical terms are ex-We would like to catch his plained. on this; but, again, it's too bot even for that, and for the same reason we won't dispote that this list is the most complete ever published, or that there is lacking the originality claimed for his method of settling disputed points. If he has sug gested some same method of obviating to post-mortem which card enthusiasts hold after every hand, he and his book are, for that single act, entitled to a glorious im-

mortality. The book is full of pictures and diagrams which makes it look easy to understand But there is one defect. There is missing any allusion to a game, which is spelled phonetically, Grabooshe. We looked prayer fully for this, not only because it is a good game, but bopeful of finding the right and professional way to spell it, knowing how to play it. There are in the language some words and expressions which are never speined out in places where ordinary morfale can see toem, and their proper orthography remains a pursuing mystery. Thomas Nelson Page recently gave the spelling of the affirmative grant, "Mn Bmh!" and we were grateful. Why didn't Mr. Foster enlighten card players on the game which sounds like "Graboushe?" (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Washington Brentano's.)

There is more sensonable promise in novel Here is "An American Emperor by Louis Tracy, the man who wrote "The Final Way" and "The Shadow Hand. The book has a fresh vellow cover, indicativ of the emperor's gold, no doubt, and the cover is adorned with the tack view of a yellow-haired man in a black overcon writing out checks on a green table in a room papered and corpeted in terra cotta. Does that melange of color remind you of Stephen Crane? The book won't

It is a vaciting phantasy, this case of an American who became emperor. Its title and its text remind one of Richard Harding Davis' "The Reporter Who May'e Himself King." The text principally, because is no dissimilar. Davis is nothing if not natural. His easy flow of the vernacular adorns the veriest trifle, and gives them a touch of interest and a glow of remanes which they may not possess in the remotest degree except by grace of Daxis' pen Mr. Tracy, on the contrary, deals in the iost astonishing extravangancies hasn't thegift to preserve them their flavor That's his crowning glory He spirits for's young American worth at least eleve hundred and fifty thousand millions. This composite of cash attends the opera one evening and falls in love with a young woman across the tler. He seeks in ever way to discover her identity. The man agement of the house don't know her. He caldiebly buys up the boxes for a series of nights and trys to force the lady to accept his hospitality. She refuses. He hears she wants Louis Quatorze furnitur e within two hours he buys the hotel, where she is stopping, and a Louis Quaterz set of furniture was forwarded the same

afternown, She souds for him to remonstrate, but he is so fascinating, and besides has a sist who has accepted an impovershed prit cipality, or at least the title of princess for a stare of her millions. That settles it with the mysterious woman. She confesse that she is a lineal descendant of two line or French Kings. He wants to marry her. but of course the lineal descendant of two lines of French Kings couldn't think of parrying a plain American millionaire But he promises to make himself Empera of France, and she agrees that she will be glad to marry him then

So he sets forth to make himself emperor. He accomplishes this by turning France into a limited liability company veilow flood attends his passage through land of the fleur de lis. He goes to Notre Dame to be crowned, but instead he makes a speech and magnanimously turns over the kingdom to another fellow who had been married to the woman for whom he made himself emperor. You see she didn't exactly keep her Word. But he didn't round that; he found another girl in the course of the story, and "their lip-met" at the end of the forty-first chap ter. There are forty-two chapters. Here is a sample of Mr. Tracy's text,

taken at random, but accurately chaacteristica

"Then she gave le Grand a swift, fond slap on the check. 'But you needn't think because I'm married to you that I'm going to do everything you want." " 'You're going to do this, though, I'm thinking, because it's got to be done, you see."

"I see. You are a beautiful husband you are. But I shan't give you a chance Adieu!' She rose with the grace of a prin cess. He had her by the arm you going to to what I tell you? What do you think I married you

"I won't do it!" "You shall!"

"I shan't!"

And she don't. They have a foot race. and be comes out second best, "hopeless! distanced" Some of the illustrated line are interesting, and may, perhaps, bring the reader further in touch with Mr. Trac and hisstory: "Utterly disheartened, cowed brew-beaten, discusted and disappointed the ex-ministers passed out into the night: "It was otherwise with Arizona Jing The American at last threw him off, nainced and cursing, but it was too late: You call me a tramp, you white-headed idiot!

A glauce at the after-pages discloses that the Bookman has said of another of this writer's stories: "We don't know when we have been so much diverted as by this book of Mr. Tracy's." And we may add the same of "An American Emperor." As for accounting for its publication by the Putnams? The manuscript must have been sent in with that quotation pinned the outside, and the firm's reader passes the story to the printer on the strength of the quotation, having missed the point (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Wash Ington: Brentano.)

Some one, evidently a journalist, has asked George W. Cable for a list of the ten best short poems in the English language, and this reply was elicited: Well, of all the rough and ill-defined

challenges that newspaper hurry ever tossed into the arena of literary criticism, isn't this the most so? What is a short poem, any way? How many verses must a poem have to be a long one? If one were asked to confine himself a somewhere, within terrestrial limits, he might find a point from which to draw a few venturesome comparisons. Sup pose, for instance, he were required to name the ten best sonnets in the language Sonnets are virtually all of one length, at any rate, and are not longer than our great journalist allows, for he heads his list with one of Shakespeare's sonnets and ends it with a poem of eighty-five lines, to-wit: Rudyard Kipling's Gunga Din-stop hughing! Don't you suppose Kipling, that truly

masterful poet, knows as well as we do fine is not one of the best ten even of his own poems?

But suppose we were limited to sonnets There would be some intelligence in that, and a pleasure in choosing. One would One would begin, of course, by taking at least five of Shakespeare's for there's not a word said to forbid us entering as many short poems from one poet as we may choosenside of ten, that is, we mustn't go beond ten. Still, we should not want to draw upon Shakespeare for more than nin at the utmost, for there is Sir Philip Sidney. Imagine Sir Philip confronted with "standing room only," and dunga-sin—that "hmping lump o' brick dust, witte Gunga Din," grinning at him from a seat among the upper ten.

Suppose again that, not being limited to somets, we should include songs; for our distinguish-dilliterateur, "after giving muci thought to the matter, has settled upon" three poems that are songs—without count-ng "Gunga Din." which, as its historia outbor certainly and rightly intentied, is a owling good dog-innee; that and far more. One of these seags is Burns' "Secia Wha Hae," Did Burns never write a better song than "Panno Churn" Is that gaing to outlast-well-even-"Auld Lang Syne?" But never mind that. An other fact is that none of these three songs, and therefore none of these "best ten short poems in our language" includes Shelley's "Lines Set to an Indian Air" or Een Jonson's "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." They left out, and "Gunga Din" included -Why, sir-oh, pshawt

ed we say what we think of Mr. Kipling as a poet? We think he is not at all best n barrack-room bullads, and that even there be is sometimes superb.

"My first book," says Mr. Zangwill, "was a romance of school life which, written in two copy-tooks, circulated gratuitously in the school-room and pleased our youthful naginations with teacher-batting tricks we and not the pluck to carry out in the actual. I shall always remember that story, because after making the tour of the class it was ed to me with thanks and a new first page, from which all my graces of style had evaporated. Indigment inquiry discovred the criminal. He admitted be but fost the page and had rewritten it from memory,

In his process of literary prowling for is Bibelot, John Mosher has come upon a copy of the Oxford and Cambridge Magahe for 1856. This magazine was confacted by the members of the two unicrelties. One of the most dispent conmentions to this periodical was William Morris as attest a list of his writings herein furnished by Mr. Mosner. Eighteen contributions to the numbers of that year erefrom Morris Nine of them were poetry nd essays, nine were tales. Fro atter Mr. Mosner selected "The Hollow Land" to embedy in his July number of the Bibelot. Book lovers will find a curi-

ever before been reproduced.
"The Hellow Land," so much, at least, s is thus far given in the lifelet, and it is officient to fushion prophecy of the balance, is a charming chivalric rumance, free in conception, elegant and classic in liction, so colorful in tone and radiantly glorious that the artist's brush might asily translate what a poetical remancer's pen has written. Mr. Mosber evidently as read the other eight of those p for he pronounces "The Hollow Land" the finestofthenine 'Notthatissis hey are allemby conic, so to speak, of what n later years with bourgeon forth as "The Story of the Glittering Plain, "A Tale of the Boose of the Wolfings" and The Well at the Worle's End.' For to their fashoning went a youthful craftsmanship leed, but a confismanship only ended last year, when the atterances of the post, artificer, dreamer of happy dreams, fell open silence, "The Hollow Land" conains no uncertain hint of things to come. or may we refuse to see in it the creative nind which shaped "The Earthly Paradise," that splendid pageant-eps; second aly to the older eps of those

Pilgrims that one morning rode out of the gateway of the Taberd Inn." and who live benceforth forever in the Acre of the Undying " "The Hollow Land" will be concluded in the Bibelot for August. (Portland, Me.: John Mosher, Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

Writes paragraphs outour venerable friend, Mark T wain, has tiven recess to the hackneyed discussion funds or no funds, and has at last given off a genuine piece of news. It is to the effect that he has made excellent progress on his new book and will have it on the market by Christmas. It is to be called "The Surviving Innocent Abroad." It is rue, he admits, that other members of he party who left America in the Quaker some twenty-eight years ago, are till living: but he is the only one who sined innocent. This sounds like the old Mark. The letter-box man of the Bookman writes in the July number, "A. hady asks us who are the great American humorists. If she means great humorists who are dead and gone, we refer her to any standard work on American literature. If she means great humorists who are living and still producing good humor rork, we answer sadly but consciently usig hat there are none.

Why this direct and unwarranted attack n Mr. Clemens? The would-be wit has probably never read his "Tramp Abroad" I his "Innocents Abroad;" doubtless he loesn't know of such a youth Sawyer or such a pure type of American boy as fluck Finn, and that brilliant ro-mance of the Southwest half a century ago set forth in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is in un written page for him. Mark Twain's greatest sin seems to have been that, while a fine hamorist, he was a poor business man. He has made a commendably hon-est effort to earn a livelihood, and if, perchance, the sap of his humor flows slug-gish lately, he it remembered that the caves in the tree tops are thin ar the frost of years are biting. In any ther country than America the man-w has made so comy laugh as has Mark Twain would never be forgotten and disrepancies to no end would be tolerated. When "the Surviving Innocent" returns from abroad he should be met with a warm. and generous welcome, which would sig nify the fraternal love and national pride in which our untion holds its for numorist. He should be made to feel that he is coming home, indeed.

The highest price ever paid for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Jewish merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II for a very ancient Hebrew Bible. It was then believed to be an original copy of the Septuagiat version made from the Hebrew into Greek in 277 B. C., careful copies of the Hebrew text having been prepared at that date for the use of the seventy translators. The offer is Julius was £20,000, which, considering the difference between the value of money then and now, would in our day represent the princely sum of \$600,000. Julius was at that timegreatly pressed for money to main-tain the Holy League which the pope had organized against France, but in spite of his lack of funds be declined the offer.

Bryan's New Story.

(From the Hartford Courant.)
Young Mr Bryan has added another story to his collection. He introduces it by saying he has been accused of disturbing the harmony of the Democratic party. That reminds him of the little boy who was reproved by his mother for pulling the cat's tail. "I'm not pulling her tail," said the boy. "I'm just holding her tall It's the cat that's pulling."